leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions, King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaime was madnesse.
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*;
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy;
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow ore the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour
I have a voice and president of peace
To my name ungor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Sticke fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand
Kin. Give them the foils
You know the wager.
Ham. Very well my L
Your Grace has laid the
King. I doe not feare i
But since he is better we
Laer. This is too heav
Ha. This likes me wel
Ostr. I my good Lord
King. Set me the stoo
If *Hamlet* give the first
Or quit in answer of the
Let all the battlements
The King shall drink to
And in the cup an Onyx
Richer than that which
In *Denmarks* Crown ha
And let the Kettle to t
The Trumpet to the Ca
The Cannons to the hea
Now the King drinkes
And you the Judges be
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my Lo
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Ostr. A hit, a very p
Laer. Well, againe
King. Stay, give me
Here's to thy health:
Ham. Ile play this
Come, another hit, w
Laer. I doe confes
King. Our sonne s
Quee. Hee's fat an
Here *Hamlet*, take m